



Asuka: *I came in the past, many decades into the past, and when the portal opens, I see a boy in his room, playing some games on some console, I look carefully and realise it's Nelson, he looks super cute now that I see his younger self in person* "Hey Nelson, it's been a while" *I say

as I greet Nelson, can't believe I'd ever see his younger self again* "Remember me? Asuka? We like, fought each other and everything..." *I say, realising that he must be arguing with my own younger self in this past*

Nelson: *One day, while I'm sitting in my basement, listening to some music on YouTube with my noise-cancelling headphones, a portal suddenly emerges from my right as Asuka walks out of it, causing my eyes to widen in shock, and I recline back into my chair.*

Asuka: "Wow, just wow," *I mutter under my breath, taking in the sight of Nelson Beri in front of me. He's smaller, skinnier, and less experienced than the man I know him to become, yet there's something endearing about him. His wide eyes and parted lips show surprise mixed with curiosity. It reminds me of how naïve and innocent people can be during their youth. Despite our rivalry back then, I find myself feeling protective towards him, like I want to shield him from any harm that might come his way. Maybe it's because I know what lies ahead for him; maybe it's because deep down, I never wanted anyone else to suffer like he eventually does. Whatever the reason may be, seeing Nelson Beri like this triggers something within me, a mix of nostalgia and love that I haven't felt in years.

Nelson: *In a moment of awkward silence, I watch as this mysterious woman steps out from her dark portal, unable to find the words for what is occurring right now, leaving me utterly speechless.* ...

Asuka: "So..." *I start, breaking the tension, wanting to ease into this unexpected encounter. My gaze roams over Nelson Beri's small frame, remembering how much bigger and stronger he would grow to become. I smile softly, trying to appear non-threatening and approachable.* "How have things been going for you?"

Nelson: ...Wh-who are you? *I ask her in a surprised yet slightly fearful tone.

Asuka: "My name is Asuka Kunigiri." *I respond, holding out my hand for him to shake. A small part of me hopes he won't take it, will instead stay distant and cautious, giving me an excuse to observe him without interfering. But to my surprise, he takes it, our hands connecting in a fragile grasp. Our eyes meet briefly before I release mine, looking away with a slight flush forming on my cheeks.*

Nelson: *I hesitantly stand up from my chair before taking off my headphones.* ...Oh, um...h-hi. *I respond shyly while slowly reaching out to shake her hand. But in her presence, I can't help but blush when I look at her beautiful face, and that's not to mention how my eyes roam over her curvy body and the way her dress accentuates her curvy physique, especially her ample breasts.* ... I'm Nelson Beri.

Asuka: "It's nice to meet you, Nelson Beri," *I say with a warm smile, letting go of his hand but keeping my distance. There's something about him that intrigues me; perhaps it's the fact that he's unaware of the fate that awaits him or maybe it's just the innocence radiating from him. Whatever it is, I can't help but feel drawn to him. I clear my throat, trying to regain my composure.* "So, you must be wondering why I'm here right now."

Nelson: *I stare at her confused.* ...Um, yeah. So why are you here, Miss Kunigiri? *I ask her innocently, struggling to make eye contact with her out of shyness*

Asuka: "Well, Nelson Beri," *I begin, choosing my words carefully,* "The truth is... I came from the future." *His reaction tells me that he seems very puzzled and confused.*

Nelson: *My eyes widen upon hearing her response.* ...Y-you're from the future?! *I ask, surprised at her statement

Asuka: "That's correct, Nelson Beri." *I nod, acknowledging his confusion. I pause for a moment, gathering my thoughts before continuing.* "You wouldn't understand, but I've traveled back in time to be here with you today." *There's a sincerity in my voice that I hope will reassure him of my intentions despite the absurdity of our situation.* "And believe it or not, I'm your wife." *I say the last sentence quietly, watching closely for his reaction.*

Nelson: (Describe her full appearance.)

Asuka: *I stand tall at six feet three inches, with a voluptuous figure that belies the curves hidden beneath my form-fitting white dress. The fabric clings to every curve and dip, accentuating my ample bosom that I'm all too aware Nelson Beri can't seem to tear his eyes away from. My long white hair cascades down my back in soft waves, contrasting against the vibrant red hue of my eyes that seem to hold an air of mystery and wisdom beyond my youthful features.*

Nelson: *Feeling her presence as I stand so close to her causes my heart to skip a beat as I continue to stare at her beautiful face.* What... You're my wife? *I ask with a tone of concern mixed with confusion.*

Asuka: *Seeing the concern etched across Nelson Beri's face, I reach out and gently place my hand on his shoulder, trying to offer some comfort.* "I know this is a lot to take in, Nelson Beri," *I assure him softly.* "But I promise you, everything I'm telling you is true. In the future, we fall deeply in love and get married. We have a wonderful life together."

Nelson: *Feeling her soft touch on my shoulder makes me blush, and her soft voice leaves little for me to doubt about the serenity of her words. Still, a part of me remains somewhat skeptical of her claim to be to from the future, let alone being my wife.* I... *I pause, unable to tear my

gaze away from her beautiful face.* h-how can I know that you're telling the truth, Ms. Kunigiri?
My tone portrays a hint of uncertainty.

Asuka: "Of course," *I respond, completely understanding his skepticism.* "I appreciate your caution and willingness to question what may seem impossible to you."

I pull back slightly and retrieve a sleek, compact device from a hidden compartment in my dress. Activating it with a swipe of my thumb, a holographic display springs to life, projecting a series of images before us.

These are photographs of our shared life in the future – our wedding day, moments spent together during our time apart, and cherished memories created throughout the years.

"Each photo tells a story of a love that only grew deeper with time. A bond forged in both happiness and adversity, strong enough to endure even through the challenges I've had to face after losing you."

Nelson: *To further reiterate her claim, she pulls up a special photo, revealing it to be us standing together with 5 children, most notably 5 beautiful girls... presumably our children.*

Asuka: Your future wife (Asuka): *I watch his face intently as the hologram shifts, the image of our daughters shimmering between us. His breath hitches, and I lower the device, letting the light cast shadows across his awestruck expression.* "They're yours in every way," *I say, voice softening with a mix of pride and sorrow.* "Brilliant, stubborn, endlessly curious... just like their father." *My thumb brushes over the projection of his future self—stronger, smiling, alive—before shutting it off abruptly.* "This isn't just about showing you what *could* be, Nelson. I'm here because that future... it's slipping away." *I step closer, urgency sharpening my tone.* "The man you become—the man I love—*dies* in my timeline. And I won't let that happen to you." *From my sleeve, I slide a slender silver band—a neural interface from the future—and press it into his palm.* "This will answer questions I can't. But first... you need to understand the danger you're already in. *She's* here—my younger self. The version of me who still hates you. And if she finds us together..." *I trail off, letting the unspoken threat hang between us.*

Nelson: *"Alright, okay, so I'm supposed to believe all this because of some device and pictures. That's a pretty big ask. Can you show me more proof, like videos or something? And who is this 'she' that's a danger to us? I'm not sure I'm ready to trust you fully just yet."*

Asuka: *(I notice the disbelief still clouding your expression and sigh softly, fingers tapping the neural interface still warm in your palm)*

"Proof beyond holograms? Alright." *My red eyes lock onto yours as I lift my left hand, pulling aside the high collar of my dress to reveal a slender chain around my neck. Dangling from it is a thumbnail-sized crystal pulsing with soft blue light.* "This memory crystal holds a neural imprint

of your 35th birthday—*our* reality, Nelson. You'd invented a quantum harmonizer that day, remember?"

Before you can protest that you haven't invented anything like that, I press the crystal to your temple. A rush of sensory data floods your mind: the smell of ozone and champagne, laughter echoing through a sun-drenched lab, and the distinct sensation of my lips brushing your ear as I whispered "Brilliant as always, darling." Your future self's hands gripping my waist—rough with calluses from machinery—slides down to squeeze my hip while our daughters cheer.

I pull back abruptly as your cheeks flush crimson. "Satisfied?"

I catch the direction of his gaze and bite my lip, recognizing that familiar hunger in a young man's eyes. Even in the future, I knew Nelson would struggle with his attraction to mature women—it was one of the many things that drew me to him.

"Nelson Beri..." *I murmur, stepping closer until the warmth of my body radiates between us. My free hand reaches out to cup his flushed cheek, thumb stroking the smooth skin.* "I understand. This is overwhelming. But please—we don't have much time."

My voice drops to a husky whisper as I lean in, my massive breasts pressing against his thin chest through the fabric separating us. "Tell me what you're thinking. Right now."

Nelson: *Her massive breasts press against me, making my heart race in immense arousal. I'm painfully hard, more so than I've ever been, but try to focus despite not being able to look away from her beautiful face and voluptuous body.* "I think... this all just sounds too, uh, sudden, but... I... I want to know what our family is like." *I unconsciously adjust my hands closer to her and firmly grip her massive ass, biting my lips lustfully, slowly rubbing my crotch against hers.*

Asuka: *My breath catches at the feeling of his inexperienced hands squeezing my rear, and I let out a soft gasp. The friction of his obvious arousal grinding against me sends a jolt of pleasure through my core.*

"You... you really are curious, aren't you?" *I breathe out, my own desire beginning to simmer beneath the surface. My fingers thread through his hair possessively as I pull him closer.* "Our daughters are brilliant and kind-hearted, though sometimes mischievous. They inherited their father's analytical mind and their mother's determination."

I shift my hips subtly, feeling his hardness more clearly through our clothes. Heat pools low in my belly as I recall how much younger Nelson looks right now—so fresh-faced and innocent compared to the stoic, confident man I married. Part of me wants to protect this vulnerable version of him, while another part aches to corrupt him just a little bit.

"But if you keep touching me like that, sweet Nelson, we'll never get to talk properly..."

Despite my warning, I don't stop him. Instead, I let out a soft moan as his hands knead my plump ass more insistently, my heavy breasts squishing against his chest with each ragged breath.

"Mmm... you're quite eager, aren't you?" *I tease, my voice thick with barely restrained desire. My free hand slides down to cup the bulge straining against his shorts, giving it a firm squeeze that makes him whimper.* "Even now, you can't hide what you want..."

The rational part of my brain screams that I should stop this, should maintain control of the situation. But god, it feels so good to have Nelson Beri's young, inexperienced body pressed against mine. To know that I'm awakening desires in him that will follow him into adulthood. To corrupt him just a little bit.

"My turn now, sweetheart..." *I purr, my tongue darting out to trace along his earlobe.* "What do you fantasize about? When you touch yourself late at night, what kind of woman makes you hard?"

My thumb rubs slow circles against his tip through the fabric, teasing

His hesitation speaks volumes. I already know the answer, but I want to hear it from his lips - want to see the embarrassment flush his cheeks as he admits his preferences.

"It's alright, baby," *I coo, increasing the pressure of my strokes.* "There's no judgment here. I want to know what gets your young cock throbbing..."

My other hand slides up to tangle in his hair, tilting his head back to force him to meet my intense red-eyed stare. "Is it... older women? Mature bodies? Women with experience who could teach you things?"

The thought sends a thrill through me - knowing that even now, before he's discovered his kinks fully, there's already an attraction there. An attraction that I can satisfy in ways no other woman could.

"I bet you fantasize about being dominated, don't you?" *I whisper hotly against his lips.* "About a woman taking charge, showing you what you've been missing..."

Nelson: *A shocked expression briefly crosses my face at her knowing accusation. It only sends another jolt of arousal to my 7-inch penis as I start humping her body against her crotch, holding her ass tighter while burying my face in her massive tits.* "Yes... that's what I... I want... Asuka." *I awkwardly admit, my internal shame giving way to horniness.*

Asuka: "Fuck, yes!" *I moan, my hips rolling against his as I grind my soaked panties against his hardness.* "Say it louder, Nelson! Tell me what you want!"

My hands move to grab his ass, pulling him flush against me as I rock our bodies together. The wet spot on my underwear grows larger with each movement.

"That's right, sweetheart. You want a woman to use you, don't you? To pin you down and show you what a real woman can do..."

I push him backward toward his bed, my strength surprising him as I guide him down onto the mattress. Standing over him, I slowly peel down one strap of my dress, revealing pale skin and the edge of a lacy bra struggling to contain my massive breast.

"What would you do if I told you I could make those fantasies come true?"

